Remember the Wind

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Remember the Wind

by tastymangopudding

Summary

Memories return on the winds of change.

Notes

Hey guys! I hope you enjoy this short little story I wrote in between Cold Cuts. I am still working on it, but this idea just came to me. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The cold breeze carved paths through Satsuki's hair as it brushed by. She shuddered and curled up tighter under her fleece blanket. Her sky blue eyes gazed out at the stone walkway that led up to the steps of her small cottage. Satsuki laughed quietly.

"Remember when we first got here, Ryuko?" She pictured the moment when they had walked the cobblestone path all those years ago, passing through the forest as the breeze, so similar to the one now biting at her ears and nose, brushed leaves back and forth. They had laughed and smiled as they walked up to the stone cottage, pushing each other playfully and hugging close to each other for warmth. Satsuki smiled, sipping her bitter tea gingerly as she reminisced on a time long past.

There the two sisters had lived, sharing beautiful, picture-perfect moments that only a couple like them could have shared. Satsuki could hardly remember when exactly Ryuko had first confessed her feelings to her. *It must have been over five years ago,* she thought, taking another sip of her drink and letting the warm liquid slide down her throat and blossom in her chest, cutting through the biting wind for a moment. From there, Satsuki had been surprised at first, but in the weeks that followed, she had slowly come to realize that her own feelings for Ryuko were similar. When the two had kissed for the first time, again on a blustery fall day, the wind in the park brushing leaves around their feet, that was when everything began to feel significant.

The Elite Four were shocked, to say the least. Now Satsuki laughed out loud as she remembered the looks on their faces, Gamagori especially, when the sisters had told them the news.

"M-My Lady Satsuki!" Gamagori cried, falling to one knee. "I-I congratulate you and your…er…Matoi for establishing this…connection," he stammered, red in the face. Sanageyama was rendered frozen, his mouth open in surprise. Nonon shrieked first in shock, then indignation, then excitement as she began to talk.

"Satsuki! I knew it, I told you you'd find the right person one day! Wasn't I right? Although, I didn't expect it to be your sis-MMPH!" The pink-haired girl was cut off as Gamagori's large paw clamped down over her mouth.

"Please, Jakuzure. Do not ruin this moment for those two. I am…most happy for them." Gamagori bowed his head again as Inumuta simply nodded and smiled, bowing deeply.

“I can’t say that I saw this coming,” he smirked, “but I am glad you are so…in touch with your feelings.” Then Ryuko’s lips were on Satsuki’s, soft yet searching, gentle yet fierce. They kissed with a passion only seen in cheesy romance flicks, yet it felt so right. This was a bond that was truly special.

The wind was picking up now, and Satsuki rocked back and forth in the chair as the huddled deeper into the blanket and her large sweater. Things had been going so smoothly, and they had decided that they wanted to live out normal lives as a couple, despite the interesting circumstances. Soroi had informed his long-time Lady Satsuki of a family-owned cottage, secluded from the rest of the world, not far from a small town in Europe. With tearful goodbyes and see-you-soons, Ryuko and Satsuki had moved out of Japan, seemingly permanently.

The next year or so had been absolutely wonderful, full of morning walks to the village to get living essentials, which was where the Kiryuin family’s vast wealth had helped. However, the sisters had chosen not to get any more than what was necessary, and had been perfectly happy with it. They watched, hand in hand, as the seasons changed, each unique and beautiful and incredible. Fall had always been their favorite, that all-too-familiar wind accompanying every special moment of their life.

The late nights, curling up by the fire together, mornings spent on the porch rocking chairs, meals cooked in harmony. And the sex. Oh, the sex was wonderful. In the cottage on that (yes, fall) night, their first time. While neither knew what to do, everything felt so natural. Satsuki mapped every inch of Ryuko’s toned body, exploring and caressing as Ryuko did the same. Of course, they had to take it slowly, as certain touches would send a chill up Satsuki’s spine and old, repressed memories of a time when she was younger would threaten to surface. But they found their niche, their rhythm, and the sex went from pleasurable to earth-shattering. This was truly their time, and nothing else in the world mattered except them on those nights.

Ah, then we had gone on that one walk… Satsuki thought, sipping her tea once more. Yes, that one walk, only two years past, again in their favorite season, that wind that had become their friend whipping at exposed forearms and cheeks. Off they had strolled, arm in arm to their secluded spot next to the pond, only a quarter mile from the cottage through a hidden path behind the property. Like so many times before, they sat on the stones they had arranged, holding hands and simply enjoying each others’ company. *And then…*Oh yes, and then Ryuko had stood up, looking around anxiously. Satsuki had looked up with concern, asking what was wrong. Red in the face (from the wind-or something else?), Ryuko knelt at her sister’s feet. That was when she had pulled out that case, a rich red velvet case enclosing

sparkling gemstones within. When Ryuko asked the question, Satsuki had remained silent for a moment. That was when the tears came. Tears full not of sadness, but of joy and raw emotion. *Yes-Yes Ryuko! Yes!*

Of course, there was confusion about the ceremony's whereabouts and proceedings, but that kind old lady in town whose name nobody knew had suggested the local chapel, and even gotten the girls in touch with someone to perform the ceremonies. The wedding day itself was full of laughter, smiles, and joy. Gamagori and Mako had each walked up, arm in arm with Satsuki and Ryuko, smiling as they took their seats. Satsuki felt a tear trace down her face now as she remembered Ryuko's beautiful smile, the pure white dress and veil glistening in the light seeping through the stained glass. That kiss was one that signified a bond, a holy matrimony, and they certainly made it count. Satsuki's heart had swelled as it dawned on her that she and Ryuko were now bound together in marriage. Sisters and spouses. They had thanked all the guests together, and given the Four and Mako an appropriate goodbye full of more see-you-laters and tears. However, that was the last time that Ryuko would see them.

For the next year, things seemed to settle down. Satsuki and Ryuko got into a routine, and still found time for each other (of which there was plenty). There was talk of adopting pets, then children, but they decided against it. More evenings together, and quiet moments spent leaning against each other. Tears now flowed freely from Satsuki's eyes as she remembered how it went horribly, terribly wrong.

Ryuko smiled at her sister in the passenger seat as she and Satsuki drove home from a romantic dinner together. The course had been delicious, and what better day to celebrate than the one year anniversary of Ryuko's proposal? Sure, there was still a month or so before their wedding anniversary, but Satsuki had insisted on treating her lover and sister to something special.

"Thanks again, Satsuki," Ryuko grinned. Satsuki leaned forward, planting a kiss on her sister's cheek.

"Anytime. Really, it's surprising how far we've come," Satsuki mused, looking out the windshield at the setting sun. Ryuko nodded.

"I really love you, you know that?" Ryuko said seriously.

"Of course I do! I lo-"

Satsuki dropped her mug to the ancient wooden floorboards of the cottage porch. Shards of ceramic made slick with hot tea sprayed across the floor, but Satsuki didn't care. She brought her knees to her chest as she cried, throaty sobs racking her chest and shaking her shoulders violently. She remained like that for the better part of a half hour, half-curled up in her blanket, her eyes red and raw. As Satsuki began to regain control of her breath, she felt the wind again, that wind that now haunted her.

"R-Ryuko…? Ryuko?! RYUKO?!!!" Satsuki wailed as she shook her sister's lifeless body. Satsuki's leg was twisted at an odd angle and white bone gleamed in the moonlight through the bloody mess of her shin, but she bit back the pain as she carried Ryuko to…something. Somebody. Someone had to help. Please. As a sharp needle of pain lanced through her leg and her vision began fading, Satsuki felt the wind on her face once more.

Everything they had been through together, from when they first met at Honnouji Academy all those years ago, to their ultimate triumph over Ragyo, to the dating, marriage, and afterwards…gone. The emotion and love…dead. All ended in an instant by a single intoxicated man in a pickup truck. No words could express how Satsuki had felt in that moment, reflecting on her and Ryuko's time together.

A year. It had been a whole year. Satsuki remembered the funeral, the solemn looks on the faces of all their friends. More tears. But these were not tears of joy, or tears of affection. These were tears of anguish, fiery drops of raw emotion that expressed pure grief. Ryuko was gone. Gone forever. And still, after a whole year, Satsuki couldn't think about it without breaking down. The days of being the invincible Kiryuin Satsuki, Student Council President of Hounnoji Academy were gone, and now a broken, empty husk of a woman was left. But she was at least strong enough to keep going. Satsuki sniffled as she wiped her eyes and tried to smile.

"Hello, Ryuko," she whispered to the wind. "You remembered, didn't you? You remembered this day of all days. Two years ago. You asked me a very important question." The dark-haired woman felt tears flowing freely again, but her voice remained steady.

"Remember the times we shared? You do, don't you? Nights by the fire, walks in the wind?" She reached out a hand, futilely grasping at the flowing breeze. She pictured Ryuko's smiling face in the leaf patterns in the grass, and smiled at them. "It's good to see you again."

Satsuki stood then, strapping on once more the leg brace she now wore and would wear for the rest of her life. She shuffled slowly off the porch and began her trek down the cobblestone path. The wind seemed to follow her, and she again tried to embrace it.

“It’s nice to have you by my side once again, Ryuko,” Satsuki spoke softly, never faltering in her pace. Suddenly, her foot caught in a gap in the stones, and she fell forward painfully on her side. Wincing, she sat up.

“Silly me, huh, Ryuko? I never was the clumsy one,” She smiled through her throbbing leg and aching shoulder, brushing stray strands of jet-black hair from her face. The breeze was stronger now, and although it was a cold day, the wind felt warm. It swept a path around her body, caressing her and enveloping her in a comforting feeling that reminded her of Ryuko’s caring hugs. Satsuki laughed as she felt the wind embrace her.

“I love you too, Ryuko.”

End Notes

Hope you liked it? Remember, constructive criticism is always welcome. Thanks again for sticking with me!

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